SLUG

OCTOBER 1993
ISSUE #58 FREE

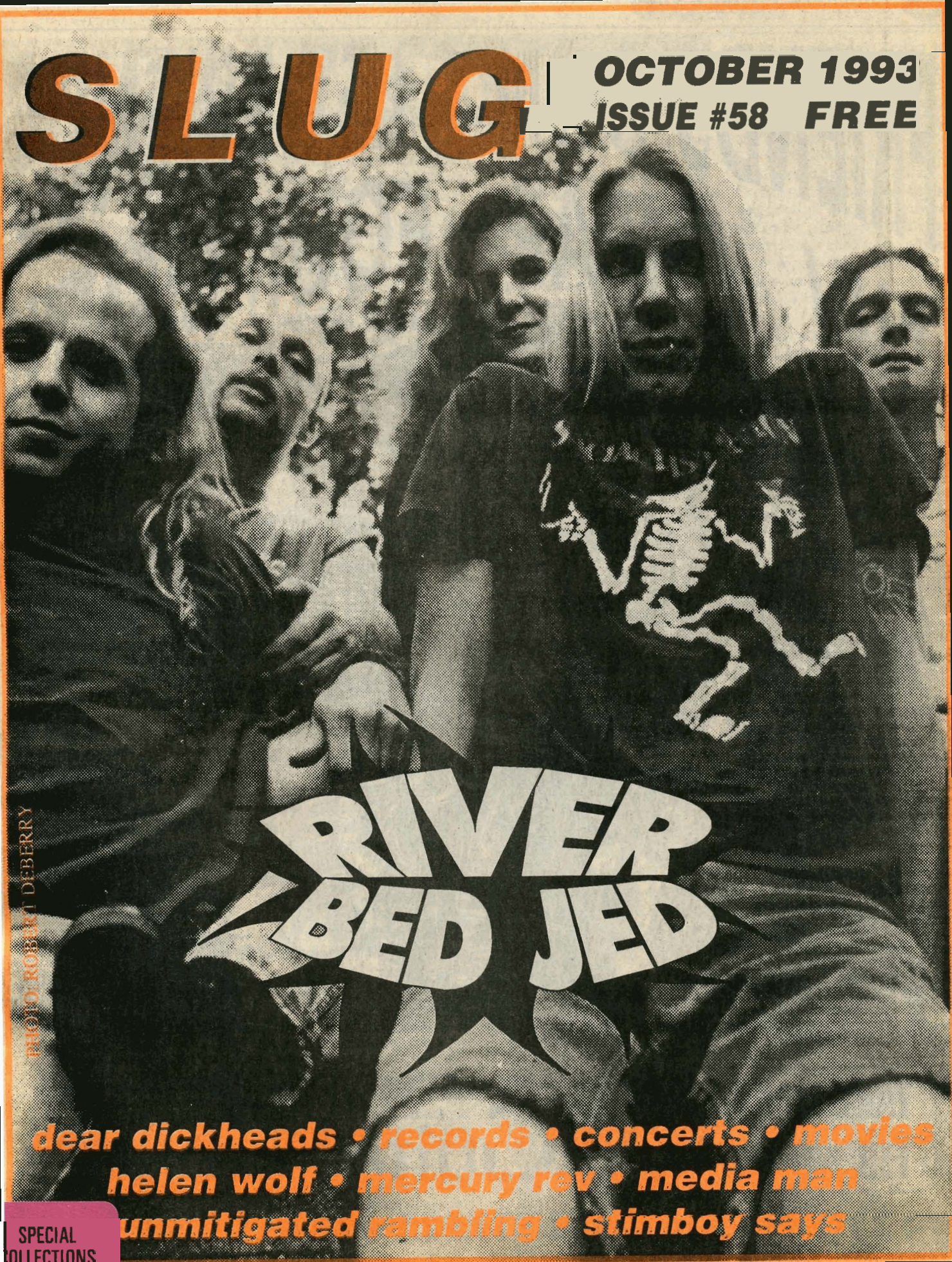


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OCTOBER 1993
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DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear DICKHEADS,

Who's afraid of Helen Woolf? Just your other writers? She's much funnier than anyone else in your pathetic rag and has an obvious flare for sarcasm. Keep 'em coming sister.

P.S. I loved the poem.
Suzy L.

Dear Mr. Sticky,

Gee...That's an unusual name. Is it derived from the famous sticky family of upper Nashville? Oh, I didn't think so, because the Stickys would never allow one of their kin to debase such an up-n-coming, prominent, "alternative" band like Mayberry. It all goes back to the time that their dog (paws) didn't get accepted into C.O.P.P.S. (College of Prestigious pets in Springfield) He was so excited when he....

Well, I'm getting sidetracked. The point here is-if you've been turned down by bands such as Lumberjack, Makeshift, Reality, and Mayberry, then maybe it is time to either get a new hairstyle, or take some time off from bitching and whining, and try practicing your bass skills.

Spencer Jacobs (Mayberry)

P.S. We've finally found a bassist, and are now moving forward to seek out and destroy the very small percussion population...or as Dook might say "Testing the theory of disposable drummers."

Dear SLUGGERS or DICKHEADS or WHATEVER,

Thank you for your cover feature on THE DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE. They are a wonderful band and usually don't get the credit they deserve. When SLUG reviewed the Daughters tape in an earlier issue, the reviewer suggested a double-billing with THE COLOUR THEORY.

Well, it was a good suggestion. They have actually played together before back in January at Club Confetti with the band THE MIDNIGHT DREARY, it was a great show and I thouroughly enjoyed all 3 performances. I have hoped that these bands would play together again. However I've learned through the grapevine that these 3 refuse to play together again.

Well, I have one thing to say: Pull your heads out of your fucking asses guys! You're performers and you owe something to the audience who buy your merchandise and pay to see you perform, if you don't like each other then don't hang out together in your spare time. It's that kind of petty bullshit bickering that kills a scene. It doesn't make a very good impression on people who are not directly involved but hear about it or see it in action.

So c'mon guys grow up.

Another MIDNIGHT DREARY-COLOUR THEORY-DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE show would be great. Think of your audience, your support, and not your personal hang-ups with other artists.

Thanks,
A Daughter of the Midnight Theory

Dear IDIOTS,

Luckily the author of cannibalistic traits and vampirism omitted their name from the "article." Good thing, since any real vampire worth his salt would devour this asshole on sight or die laughing (a difficult task for a true vamp-ire). What psycho babble gum wrapper degree does this moron think he/she has anyway?

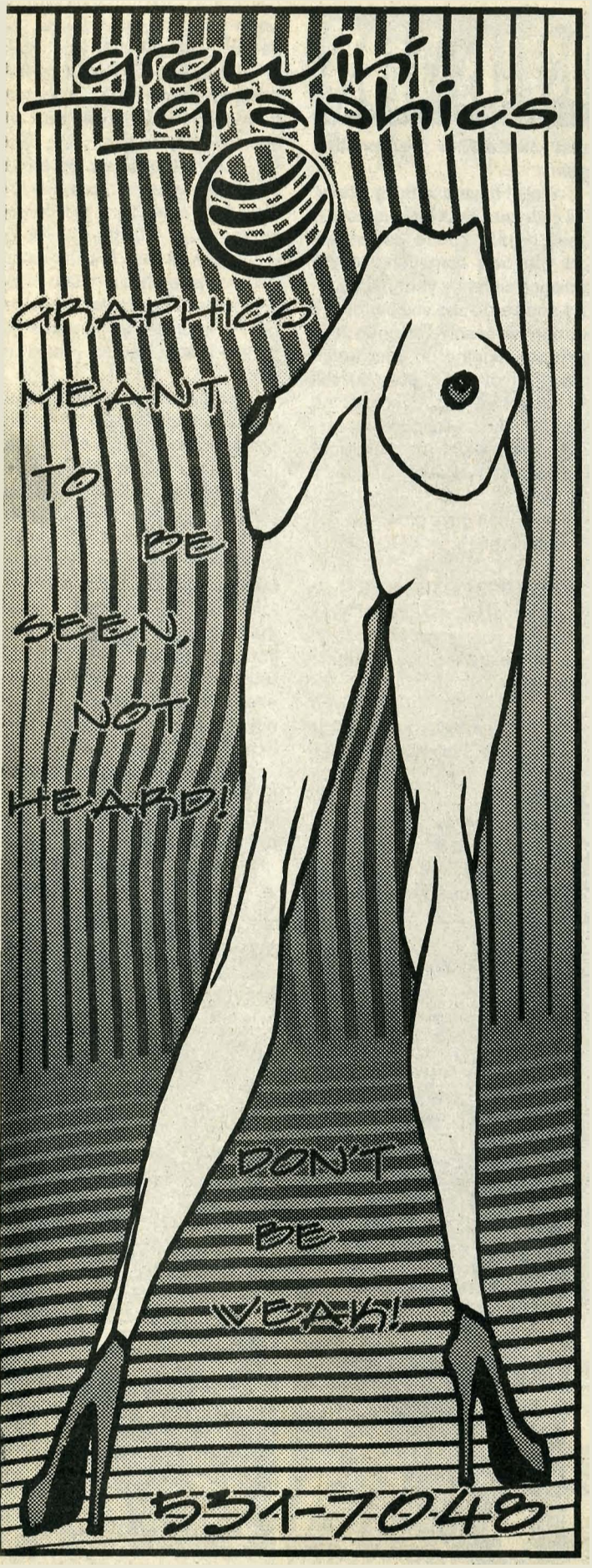
'Eating toothpicks represents the desire to devour the penis???' Everyone must be a full fledged homosexual cuz they chew on toothpicks all day. And the insane notion that a child's desire to eat the mother's nipple stems from the child's ambivalence towards the mother is so ludicrous, I could just spit.

How about desire of the nipple because that's where it's fucking good comes from!!! I can tell you that you don't know shit about "the nocturne," and your dipshit theories about it only irritate these of us who do know shit about it. Let me guess, do you have dyed black hair and black makeup? Do you think "MARIAN" is the vampire theme for your generation?, or are you just a complete impeccable with nothing better to do than spout off idiocy in hopes that you can bed down some naive teenager interested in the occult?

Wake up you stupid fuck before you say the wrong thing to the wrong person, then you might find out what it's really about. Blood.

Most sincerely,
Tiahmet





UNMITIGATED RAMBLING

When you feel beaten/whipped and the pimps, junkies and freaks are after you, and monsters are pounding at your door, demanding your life, don't let it get you down. Wherever you are sell as much of the shit that you don't or can't use, hell, sell your roommates shit when they aren't around, pack up and get the fuck out. Just move baby. Get away from the stinking cesspool that you're stuck in and do something, anything, so that in a few months you can look back and say either "Jeez that was incredibly fucked," or, "Jeez this is incredibly fucked, but I'm making a crapload of money."

Once that bug gets into you, that deep down primal great Indo-European urge to move, there's just nothing to do but ride it out, go with the flow. No sense in fighting it; you'll just be bummed out thinking about what a great time you could be having elsewhere, and how unbelievably fucked things are wherever you are.

Money though. That's the problem. That's the one big, fat sweaty whore that everyone has to fuck. No matter who you are or where you are, regardless of how much or how little you make, everyone has to pay the man, make that long, lonely walk down the seedy hallway and into the last room at the end, where an obese wart-hog from hell, sweating profusely, plastered in bad make-up and smelling of urine and cheap perfume winks and calls you "sailor." That's the one albatross hanging around everyone's neck.

Bills, like evil, dark little pimps loitering around your doorway, whispering your name and giggling insanely, knowing, smug, content, that you can only screw them for a little while, that eventually you'll have to give the little queers their day.

These are the kind of things that eat at my gut all the time. If I could just fuck that awful whore one last time and chase away the dirty mean pimps, then I'm sure that I could find my Utopia. Not Eden; that was a virgin world, free from vampires like Reagan and Bush, from the Sodom and Gomorrah seen on the television everyday, all day, relentless and unstopping. We live in a world where sex is death and rain kills. Where it is possible, nay, ridiculously easy to, at anytime, anywhere, a person can get any twisted assortment of drugs and cheap, degrading sex imaginable, just by picking up the telephone.

I would find Utopia, which is anybody's vision of their own personal, idyllic environment, style of life. A place where you can look around, contended, and say aloud, "Home," knowing deep inside your heart that this was it; this was the place for you.

What's my Utopia? I don't know, but I believe that's why I gotta' keep moving, seeking until I find a place where it never seems to get too cold or hot until you think that it's long over-due. A place that never seems boring to the eye, where you can look upon it and say, "What to do today?" You can wonder where that trail leads, what's over that hill, or what can be found in that lake or ocean?

I'm not sure that I'll ever find it, or if I do, how long it will take, but eventually, hopefully, I'll be able to find it, and I'll be at peace, not only with myself, but with the world around me.

—Cristopher Salisbury

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HELEN WOLF

DOM & BILL = GODHEAD
10 Morning Shows Lamer Than X96's

1. KLZX (93 FM), Jon & Dan: Reigning King Shits of the lowest common denominator, the obvious Beavis & Butthead comparison would be an insult to MTV. Doesn't anyone ever get sick of Mr. Twister, the Bible Bros. and...Kansas...and Journey...nevermind. The line to piss on Jerry Garcia's grave forms behind me.

2. KBER (101 FM), Ron & Allen: Of course these flapjacks make Jon & Dan look like Pozner & Donahue. Actually overhead while parked next to a primered Camero on State street: "Dude, crank that Slaughter tune! Let's jam to the Maverick for some Miesterbrau and drink till we hurl while we cruise up and down scaring old ladies with our $29.95 Radio Shack speakers because we're real men with big dongs into jammin' METAAAL!!." Ron & Allen are racist, sexist, homophobic, lobotomized and loved by hordes of evolutionary drop-outs JUST LIKE THEM! About as cool as an unusual discharge.

3. KRCL (91 FM), various: Not much to say here without becoming cosmic karma roadkill. The BIG RADIO DJ voice never appears here (thank Jah), since the on-air personalities (?) all sound zonked out on toxic Birkenstock fumes. Great stuff most times of the day, but the Breakfast Jam brings out the narcoleptic in even Mini-Thin freaks. My crystal suggests three hours of Mudhoney every morning.

4. KQED (99 FM), Scotty & Mcormick: I really tied to listen to this, but all I heard were commercials and some new 15 minute Meatloaf epic. Oh yeah, and some whacky character with a lisp named "Ben Gay." Why don't we get Howard Stern's show in Salt Lake? Too politically correct?

5. KISN (97 FM), Fisher & Todd: If I were a professional writer and actually getting paid for this drivel, I'd never stoop to using the word Pantywaist...but Siegfried & Roy could KILL these cricket-dicks in a slap-fight. Ad the music is (readers choice): a) Great for browsing carpet samples b) Psych-up tunes for enemies of the gerbil.

6. KKAT (102 FM), Kano & Simmons: Surprisingly tame-did Boss Hog get tired of fielding those lawsuits, boys? Bad, un-PC joke I could sell to Ron & Allen: How do you circumcise a redneck? Smack his sister in the jaw.

7. KSOP (107 FM), see #6.

8. KTKK (630 AM), Williams & Lesh: K-Talk, the home of the Conspiracy Theory and mental floatation devices. Donna Sparks-Williams proves that varied doses of feminism and prozac can co-depend while Bob Lesh speaks for the Royal Federation of Mars. Goes down great with that first vodka o' the morning!

9. KNCR (1320 AM), Rogers & Flynn: Asshole 2. If you removed the REALLY FUN part from minor mouth surgery, you'd have this show. R&F (along with Voice of the Oppressed, Mills Crenshaw) were booted off K-Talk and took their amoeba full of ideas here. Sort of like that Dairy Queen-to-Arctic Circle lateral career move that your uncle who WON'T FUCKING MOVE OUT deeps mumbling about.

10. KALL (910 AM), Tom Barberi: Ol' Tom sounds like a sane, rational dude when the rest of the programming consists of Rush Limbaugh and G. Gordon Liddy's Guns and Ammo Chat Line. Now that this NYPD Blue bullshit had died out, can we rant about that rumored beaver shot on Blossom during sweeps week?

There you go, Punk-bots: plenty of stinkier stuff in the air than X96. Sorry to have doubted you, Dom & Bill: count me in on that New Trenchcoat For Mike Summers pledge drive.

—Helen Woolf

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RECORD REVIEWS

SACRED REICH

"Independent"

(Hollywood)

When their first LP, "Ignorance," came out in 1987, Sacred Reich was just another of what seemed like millions of second-string thrash bands; listenable, but not much more and often less. Although their lyrics betrayed excellent sociopolitical insight (and disgust), the vocals were awful and the music was generic thrash with a strong slayeroid tendency. In other words, ho hum.

So what the fuck HAPPENED? When did these guys turn into one of the best thrash metal bands around? This album is easily one of the best thrash albums in years. The eleven cuts here display a maturity and a quality of songwritting that frankly seemed far beyond the reach of these four Arizonians; Brutal and thumping, yet hookey and melodic, coherent and musical, I wish everybody wrote such consistently good tunes.

The playing is razor-sharp, and lead guitarist Wiley Arnett has grown into a ripper to reckon with, while rhythm axe Jason Rainey keeps up the pace admirably. Yet the real star of this show is Phil Rind (bass/vocals); the man has actually learned how to SING! Sure, he strains a bit on some of the slower, more melodic stuff, but compared to the guttural grunts of earlier Reich, he sounds like an entirely different voice; cool and crooning one minute, and roaring maniac the next.

Gotta mention the new guy, too: Dave McClain, new drummer, brings an exceptionally fine double-bass thunder to this harder, livelier Reich. He sounds like he's been in the band all his life, instead of a few months.

The songs are just that: songs, not desparate clumps of haphazard riffs. First track "Independent" is a furious, hard-charging attack track, as are "Pressure" and "Do it;" while darker, moody numbers like "Product" and "Just Like That" twist more intricate interplay of tempo and melody into an irresistibly mosh-inducing slam. The acoustic instrumental "If Only" conjures the ghost of eerie Black Sabbath "token" mellow songs; and "I never Said Good-bye" is not a "power ballad" as the band claims, but rather a eulogy for Phil's recently-deceased grand-father.

Killer songs, killer playing, killer sound (Dave Jerden strikes again!), what else is there?

Phil sums it up best himself: "Like body blows with a blunt instrument." Yeah, but slamming with subtly, intensity with intelligence. A welcome breath of fresh air in a genre increasingly dominated by Nirvana-clones, Helmet-wannabes, and death-metal dorks. Good Stuff.

—the Subhuman

ANGER OVERLOAD

"Ugly"

(Advanced Copy)

Imagine a bus wreck involving POISON IDEA, OBITUARY, HELMET and SEPTIC DEATH. Next, take the remains and in the words of ANGER OVERLOAD's guitarist Johnny Bend: "Tune to D and turn the distortion to 10"...that, in a nutshell is Ugly, 9 new songs of pissed-off mayhem and chaos by Salt Lake City's ANGER OVERLOAD.

Lyrically, Ugly is a chronicle of the modern world - disappointment, futility, absurdity, bitterness, suffering and self destruction...all this and more furiously spit forth by vocalist Brad (and ensemble shouts), awash in crunching guitar riffs an a harmonic leads on a foundation of thundering bass and drums. Loud and heavy as hell.

As for the official release date? Sometime in the future. Keep your fingers crossed and look for it soon.

—Blaine Hopkins

S.B.O.T.H.I.

"last LP"

(Selektion Records)

Interviewer: "How long have you been doing this music?"
Achim Wollscheid: "Since my mother carried me in her womb."

There is no artwork on the pale sleeve. Upper left corner: "last." Lower right corner: "S.B.O.T.H.I." (acronym for Swimming Behavior of the Human Infant, though S.B.O.T.H.I. has been a group to parade their peculiar name around the marketplace). Turn the sleeve over. Lower right corner: "produced by Achim Wollscheid 1989-1990, copyright Selection SLP 021 1991." Remove a plain white sleeve from the cover, and the sleeve contains a completely transparent LP with no labels. Put the record on and sounds effects never heard before begin to issue from the speakers. Did the deedle go skipping across the vinyl? Is there a loose connection somewhere? Speaker blowout? Power failure? Seismic disturbance?

S.B.O.T.H.I. and the other groups on the Selektion label (P16.D4, LLL, Mixed Band Philanthropist, and others) have been stretching the limits of music and sound since the early '80's. A little searching will yeild any of a number of intriguing releases from these groups. And don't worry, those discs by Helmet and the BeeGees will always be in the racks as well.

—Doug

ORGANUM/THE NEW BLOCKADERS

"Wrack" 12"

(Sun Bartwuchs Records)

"Organum music is certainly not non-intentional...chance procedures have never been of central artistic importance for me. I like to shape it." "...as I don't work with overt theories but with specific sounds and an internal urge there can't really be any goal. So each track is its own end. Really, there's no mystery to the music; I just make it because I want those sounds to exist. There's no reason."

—Organum's David Jackman

"The Church of the Absurd marches on! Anti-books, anti-newspapers, anti-films, anti-art, anti-magazines, anti-poetry, anti-music, anti-clubs, anti-communications! We will make anti-statements about anything and everything, we will make a point of being pointless, we will drive backwards up one-way streets! Typewriters will become pianos...with which we shall compose anti-symphonies!"

—The New Blockaders' Richard Rupenus

In which Organum and The New Blockaders join together from their desperate yet not too dissimilar positions to record the great din of the world collapsing.

—Doug

CYPRESS HILL

"Black Sunday"

I really don't like rap but CYPRESS HILL kicks my big white ass. This is the first and probably last rap band I'll like so I decided to write a few lines about their new release.

Black Sunday, or should it be called for Hemp. Because thats what this band is, pro pot, and not just the smoking aspect of it. The over all feel of this album is dark, and in your face. Not letting up from song one "I want to get high," through "Insane to the membrane," which deals with people going crazy when they see them live. Track 10,"Hits From The Bong," is just that. A big bong hit. Word for word. This band doesn't let up. Their album shows just that. When you think all is calm and mellow, they show you your wrong with a slap in the face, as on "Cock the Hammer" which is a verbal eye-for-an-eye thing: you jack me and I'll jack you back. Definitely in my top 10 with 3 1/2 stars, but don't take my word for it, go see them live at Salt Aire in Oct. with House of Pain, and bring your buds for the added pleasure.

CONFUSE A CAT 7"

Got a Gun/Messiah/Heart Attack

(360 Records)

At first I was pretty confused myself, Confuse a Cat is a fucking weird sounding band. To me they sound like Nirvana mixed with Bauhaus, only with more childish lyrics and vocals.

The music on this 3 song seven inch is noisy but calm at the same time. To me they sound totally original. Punk Rock expanding its horizons still.

—Chopper

CREAMERS

"Hurry up and Wait"

XXX Records

If you haven't heard about the Creamers yet, sit down, shut up, and bite, bite, bite.

They could be the tough New York cousins to the Muffs. It's a punk album I think anyone would like.

Dead Boy influenced guitar, and a great Back Beat. 10 songs none of which suck. My favorite is Grandma Slings that Crack which is self explanatory, Pissed is cool, but there are two cover songs that are just hot.

—Chopper

NIRVANA

In Utero

DGC/Sub Pop

Here's another classic case of a premature release. Instead of letting their prized treasure mature and put out a fully realized effort, DGC Records just had to have another hit.

"In Utero" may sell them some records, since the singles "Heartshaped Box" and "All Apologies" got additional, squeaky-clean attention from studio doctor Scott Litt.

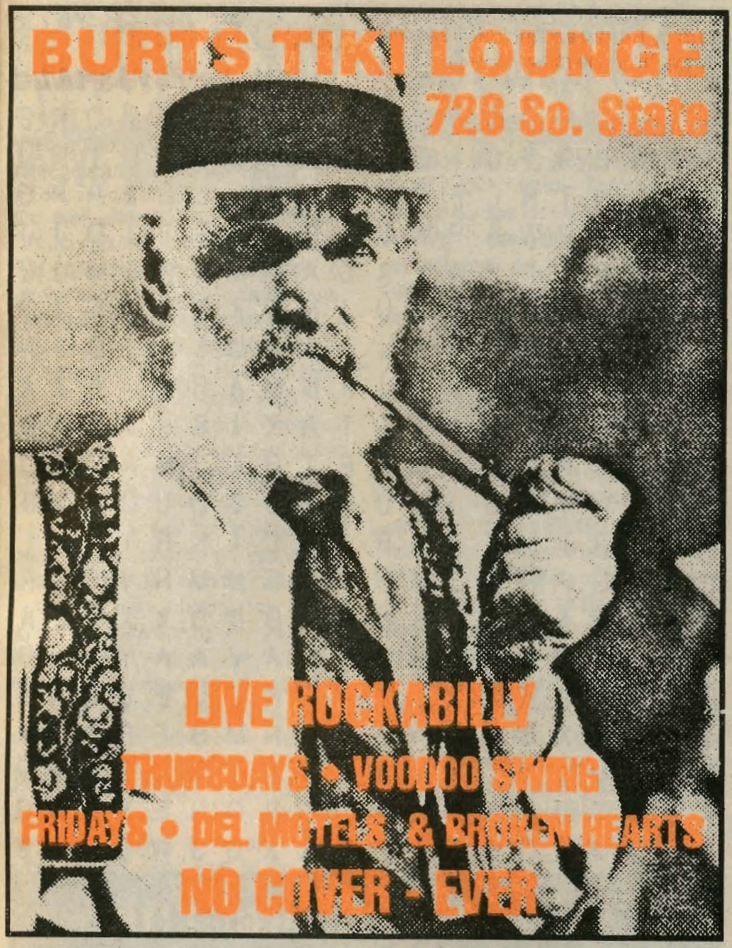
However, those of us who weren't in love with "Nevermind" will be frustrated, and it's not just Litt's fault.

Much has been made about Steve Albini's production, but Albini's goofed here. Instead of his typical production, *"In Utero"* sounds like it was recorded on a tape recorder in his bathroom.

Kurt Cobain's guitar is relished to a supporting role, as Chris Novoselic's bass and Dave Grohl's drums crash aimlessly all over the place. Of course, Kurt didn't give any of the songs a melody to speak of so he's not in the clear either.

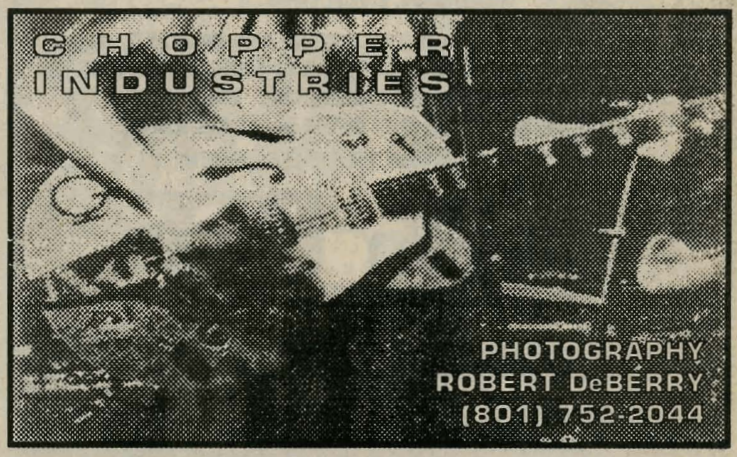
I may be more critical then usual because "Nevermind" was so huge, but any discerning fans will be greatly disappointed--and probably pissed at the jock-boy's screaming along cluelessly to "Rape Me" (while not understanding the point of the song). Save your money for some Washington bands that deserve your support, like Tad or Silkworm, folks.

—Jeffh





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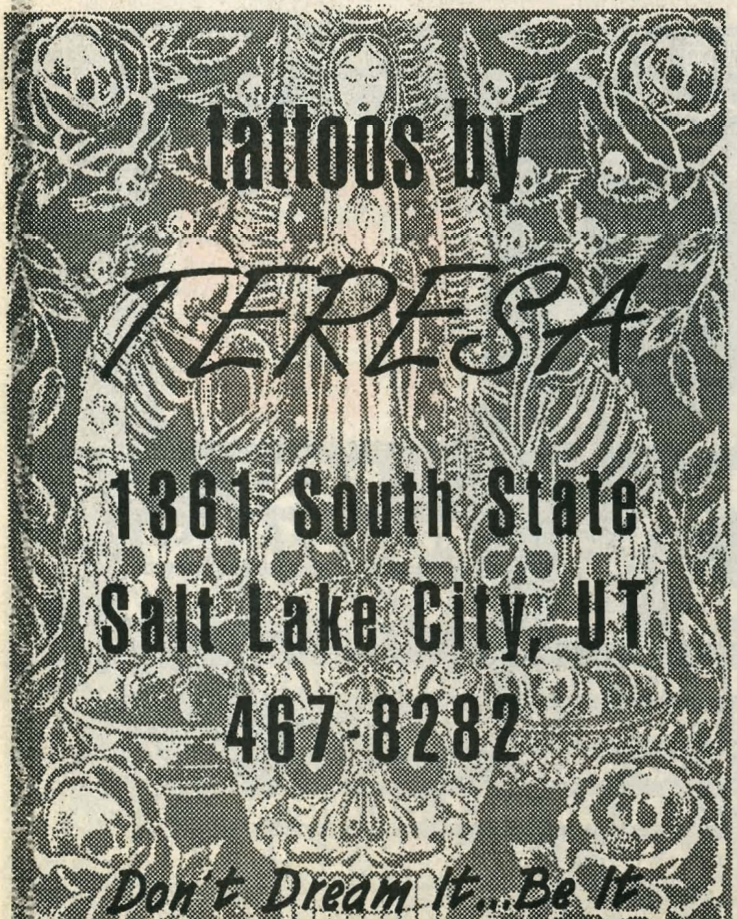
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MOVIE REVIEWS

TOKYO DECADENCE

Ask yourself this question: "Would I go see a film called TOPAZ that concerns the accumulation of wealth without pride in today's Japanese society, as experienced by a confused young woman employed in the service industry?" Now pull back from the intense debate raging in your head and ask yourself another question: "would I go see a film called TOKYO DECADENCE that concerns a beautiful young sex slave pandering to the whims of horny Japanese tycoons who take drugs like candy and wipe their ass with thousands of yen." Now isn't it funny how effortlessly the YES forms on your lips compared tot he first query when in reality the questions are the same?

Well you're not the only ones so easily fooled. Apparently TOKYO DECADENCE, originally titled TOPAZ, broke attendance records during its run at San Francisco's Red Vic Movie House this summer. There was nary left over seat to be had, hardly enough room to shake hands in the din of the Vic. Of course San Francisco is a pretty hip town with many curious, albeit deranged hinds. Will pseudo porn art wagging its wriggling head about in high style survive the market that is Salt Lake City?

There is more to life than sex, but there is more to sex than meets the eye, and TOKYO DECADENCE certainly isn't the Japanese answer to Mondo New York. Beneath the lush minimalish of the sets, beside the leather and sweat, and as pointed as the heroin needle lies a purpose as elusive as sex itself.

The film opens bluntly, brutally. A woman sits strapped in bondage gear, chest out, legs spread, her male client explaining to her that he's not into scaring. He urges that she trust him as he blindfolds her and applies a blow-hole mask over her mouth. The image is savage. The image is erotic. You think the sex will drip right off the screen, but the scene closes shortly after a needle plunges into the womans' thigh.

The woman is Ai, pronounced Ai. She is a prostitute trafficking amongst the upper class in Tokyo. She is not the kind of trash that hang with pimps on street corners; no, she's a splended young thing, the kind of whore that you take home to introduce to your parents before doing the trick. But there's no silly fantasy such as mine in this tale. This is a portrait of women becoming business oriented in the only business they can readily grasp onto. They go about their business alone, accepting their bidding if the price is right. You almost feel as if they should be handing out menus to their clients, until it's understood that price isn't much of an issue.

As the director Ryu Murakami explains, traditions are very old and sacred in Japan, so even sex games or drugs are treated like tea ceremonies. I didn't quite get that impression from the film, but it's a plausible explanation for the diluted atmosphere which hangs over most of the routines. The evolution of tradition may be as mysterious as the origin itself, and the negation of an answer seems to be at the core of this exercise.

Ai's admission that she possesses absolutely no talent can be regarded as the only characterization necessary to her portrait. Her gloss finish of timidity and servitude contradicts the profession she is in, but her age and beauty profess that she may become like the older dominatrix or experienced female client she confides in towards the end.

Her sense of uselessness contrasts heavily with the orientation of the typical Japanese businessman, depicted here as horny old bastards, necrophiliacs, and slaves, among other deviations. The point is that money equals power and power equals sex, with sexual fantasies running the gamut of imagination. The wealthy may still treat everything with respect to tradition lapses into the grotesque.

The narrative hardly aspires to anything greater than a few vague mysteries in life. Most of us have other issues to contend with, like how to get out of bed before noon, so this whole thing may seem far removed from reality. Maybe that's the key, though, when you watch the movie. The people depicted in the film wouldn't be caught watching a movie like this, because it is their life. We, on the other hand, are the voyeurs and the poor who maybe can achieve our desires through other means, but nonetheless cannot have what's on screen. Eroticism is a turn on, and whores on screen make us happy. It's better than a triple hanky jerk film because those are a dime a dozen and run in 5 minute bursts. This is art.

TOKYO DECADENCE plays at the Tower Theatre October 8-14.

—Ivar John Zeile

"WITTY, EVOCATIVE & harrowing tour of kinky sex among Japan's business elite"
- Gene Seymour, NEW YORK NEWSDAY

"POWERFUL & ASTONISHING"
- Kevin Thomas, LOS ANGELES TIMES

"A MUST SEE!"
- FILM THREAT MAGAZINE

"As if David Lynch updated Ozu's *Tokyo Story*."
- Devon Jackson, VILLAGE VOICE

A Ryu Murakami Film

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COVER STORY



RIVERBED JED

RIVERBED JED:
The mere whisper of his name drove scores of gold panners to plunge to their deaths during the great gold rush of 1849.

RIVERBED JED:
Who, with a flick of the wrist caused the crash of '29, ensuring global economic chaos and cataclysmic war.

RIVERBED JED:
Was he, as some say, a charming raconteur, a worldly sophisticate who made the ladies of Victorian London swoon with passion. Or, was he a vile sociopath who could crush the human spirit like Renfield swatted flies? Was he, as some allege, the true mastermind behind the Tate/LaBianca slayings?

The answer is that Riverbed Jed is all of these things and none of them. More specifically, for our purposes, Riverbed Jed is a band, a very popular band in the fine Salt Lake traditions of bands named after other people. The name was chosen during a bizarre table tapping ritual involving temple mints, Gila monsters, and a three eyed cat known as Monkey Boy one fateful winter night in 1991. It was then that the spirit of Riverbed Jed insinuated itself in the consciousness of the four guys and one gal who compromise this sizzling power combo, the likes of which are even now spinning wildly out of control, threatening to alter forever the course of human events.

Riverbed Jed headquarters resembles a scaled down version of the Koresh compound before the BATF reduced it to a greasy smear in the Texas desert. The Jedquarters is a small house surrounded by a 10 foot tall chain-link fence and fiercely guarded by a snarling canine named Dottie. It is here, just a few meters east of the I-80 that RBJ hones the razor edge of its highly prized sound; a sludgy layer cake of tribal drum tags and pulsing bass, topped with a slithering blend of acoustic and electric guitars and lovingly frosted with a wailing vocal drone. For you tech-heads out there, their songs tend to be rooted in the phrygian and locrian modes with the occasional melodic minors for spice and the emphatic use of dynamics. For the musically disinclined out there, I'll put it this way: Dude...they rock!

Individually, Riverbed Jed is:

DEVIN AFFLECK: Drums. A helluva nice guy who can't resist the temptation to put everyone he knows on the guest list. Devin holds his beer almost as well as he holds a drum beat and is always the last to leave any party. His favorite color is purple.

LANCE EVERILL: Lead guitar. Lance is the designated den mother of the band, the taskmaster, a position he is well suited for after working with autistic children for several years. In addition to providing his patented Les Paul sizzle, Lance is also the creator of the red hot graphics which grace RBJ's flyers.

CHAD HERD: Vocals and acoustic guitar. With his sexy baritone and sinewy frame, Chad truly sings the songs which make the young girls cry. Chad is a Jim Dandy Mangrum for the 90's with about 15 times the soul. He's also one of the few people I've heard who can make an acoustic guitar sound tough.

JODY HESSLING: Additional vocals. Jody's intoxicating presence in the RBJ collective adds yet another dimension of songwriting and vocal contrast to Chad's throaty growl. Plus, as her scads of male admirers will attest, she's easy on the eyes.

JIM LaGAUT: Bass. Also known as Jimmy James Velour, his penchant for the finer blends of exotic synthetic fabrics make him an instant fashion plate at any social function. Jim also is a veteran of working with autistics, where he developed the skill of firmly, but gently dissuading the throngs of zealous fans which constantly plague him.

Until Riverbed Jed completes their hotly anticipated full-length debut, the curious will have to be content with the songs already available on the Salt Flat compilation or their semi-cathartic live performances. Above all, disregard everything live written and go see them for yourselves 'cause like 'em or love 'em, you're guaranteed to have a good time and rub elbows with a few of our city's beautiful people.

—Stimboy
Photos By:Robert DeBerry



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CONCERTS

BIRDMAN RHUBARB LOVE BUCKET

September 16-Delta's Pub

LOVE BUCKET fucking rules. Seriously old-school punk rock circa 1977 complete with chicken head mask and swimming goggles. The drummer even plays a 5 gallon spring water bottle and a giant beer can with no cymbals - standing up the whole time, no less... Were there more than 8 people in the audience, Delta's Pub would have been leveled by crazed pogo dancers.

RHUBARB only made it through 2 songs of sloppy, drunken garage rock and feedback. Long live Park City!

BIRDMAN seems to be attracting a cult following of some sorts. Maybe it will be called BIRDMAN-ia. It is a conceivable idea once one has witnessed them playing, especially when they are well rested and have plenty of time to tune, etc. It is surprising how they can go from fragile and melodic to stomping and thrashing so naturally. Get their tape, but catch them live to see what it's really about.

—Blaine Hopkins

HARD-ONS NSC ANGER OVERLOAD

September 11-Delta's Pub

Another fine show at Delta's Pub with few in attendance, possibly due to the Lake Show being scheduled on the same day, but those who showed up were treated to a night of surprises.

ANGER OVERLOAD jumpstarted the evening with a spontaneous and totally ripping grindcore song; then launched into a powerful set showcasing their forthcoming tape Ugly (which the band just barely finished mixing at 6 AM that very day). Put simply, ANGER OVERLOAD is just plain burly.

I am always happy to see N.S.C., who played next. Catchy punk riffs with dual vocalists and intelligent, insightful lyrics in the sociopolitical vein. Beneath the lovely disco ball N.S.C. charged through a highly energetic set and even indulged the crowd to an extended instrumental number.

Australia's HARD-ONs covered many miles to be here, and if they were disappointed at the sparse turnout, then they didn't let it show. Though technical difficulties stopped them dead in their tracks twice, the HARD-ONS raged forth blasting melodic, rocking pop-punk punctuated by periods of interesting guitar and bass noise while various sound system guts were attended to. Look for their latest offering Too Far Gone available at Raunch.

—Blaine Hopkins

LUNACHICKS N.S.C. STATE OF THE NATION

September 20-Bar & Grill

State of the Nation is really good. To me they were impressive, but totally MTV ready. They played with a lot of energy and got really sweaty on stage.

Not the best set I've ever seen, N.S.C. played but it was still tough. I guess they were plagued with illness, but that didn't stop the bassist from rolling around on stage.

Yes the LUNACHICKS are girls! Back with a vengeance on the male population. They ripped through a lot of songs and wreaked mehem on the bar. They played Mom, Plugg, Superstrong, and a personal fav of mine, makin it.

(With other species) they left an impression on me.

—Chop

OFFSPRING ANGER OVERLOAD VOODOO SWING CHUBBY AMIGOS

September 17-Logan

Locals to Logan, THE CHUBBY AMIGOS opened the long evening. I can't classify these dogs punk rock chex party mix somewhere inbetween Elvis, Black Flag, and Descendants. They aren't Mexican but the church bells never quit ringing the rest of the evening.

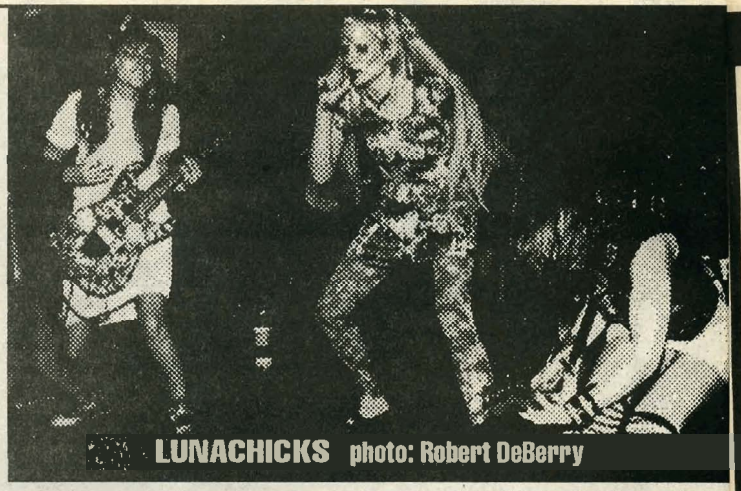
VOODOO SWING was all over the stage Rockin' and a Rollin', copin' and a feelin'. I thought these small town punks would reject em but instead they just boogied.

From Marz, Jupiter, even stupider. ANGER OVERLOAD showed Logan their bare asses and rock on Rockier pastures. The two guitarists had panty hose on their heads, and a weird type of jock strap around them so their buisness wouldn't poke out. I've never seen a fat man so pissed off.

Normally Logan doesn't see the likes of epitaph bands, but they were lucky enough to line up a show for the OFFSPRING. What can I say, they put on a good show, I've never seen a Logan crowd go so nuts. I counted 2 broken noses and multiple other wounds. The Logan Fuzz shut the gig down, much to everyones disappointment. But truly a cool evening.

I'd like to thank Eric, Bobby and Stormy, thanks for not making me travel to Salt Lake to see a good show.

—Chopper



LUNACHICKS photo: Robert DeBerry

HAZEL MEICES RAIN LIKE THE SOUND OF TRAINS SEASON OF THE SPRING

September 15-Club DV8

I'm glad I showed up early to this show. The MEICES went on stage first due to the fact that HAZEL hadn't shown up yet. Anyway what a set. This piece out of San Francisco got my bones moving with their Bay style punk. It reminded me a lot of early Soul Asylum say 84-86, but with a little more pop and fizz. They will have a new release out within 6 months. After their short set, HAZEL took the stage. What a band after leaving Portland at 5 a.m. that morning, driving straight to the show and going straight on. These guys did exactly what I expected. They played with a lot of energy and kept their stage presence up beig on Sub Pop hasn't led this band into the grunge hall-o-shame. If anything they had a very ungrunge sound. Fast and tough, almost a Fluid style but with a lot less noise in the guitar, and they did an instrumental about a baseball player which is something you don't hear at shows much anymore (the instrumental that is) unless ICEBURN is playing.

After HAZEL, a lady by the name of Erika Renstein took the mic. I don't know why she didn't go on with her spoken word regardless of the fact that a couple of fuckwads decided it was their duty to yell and throw shit before she had a chance to say four sentences. This incident definitely brought people down for the night. I won't go into the issues that were brought up due to the fact that Erika was unable to finish. I do know that if you were interested in her, you can write to Fantastic Fanzine, P.O. box 1375, Arlington Virginia 22210.

After this mishap was RAIN LIKE THE SOUND OF TRAINS. Quite an odd looking band. With four members, bongo's, morrocco's, and a bass section that sounded influenced by the Minutemen, and Firehose. This was as Jazz/Alternative as it gets. Not often does one get a chance to witness such style and smoothness. The Spindoctors should have taken notes from these guys. Definitely a more listenable band. With lyrics centering around an upscaling awareness of indictments in capitalism and the fact that people out there are getting screwed. Definitely a band on a mission to entertain and make themselves heard. A bonus was that the crowd seemed to actually start to move a little when these guys started.

Last up was SEASON OF THE SPRING, otherwise known as BAD YODELERS. I don't know if Terrance just wasn't in to it or if what happened with Erika brought the whole band down, or if RAIN LIKE THE SOUND OF TRAINS is too hard of an act to follow, but the crowd seemed to stop and the band had no energy. They looked as if they wanted to get on and off stage as quickly as possible so I left due to the reality that I was falling asleep.

SILKWORM LOST PILGRIMS BIRDMAN

September 9-Bar & Grill

Quick, what's the sound of a fine up-and-coming Seattle band playing the Bar & Grill with no one there?

Give up? Well, I guess you weren't there. Neither was a great majority of Salt Lake's underground, who missed a coming-out party for Birdman, a four-piece punk-pop band whose "In the West" will probably kick your ass when it comes out in January.

Despite the poor turnout, these four well-dressed guys (in two-piece suits and ties) displayed equal parts roaring and sighing. Most impressive was "Garden City Blues," a surprising mix of XTC's pop whine and the Treepeople's rock crunch. And "Inside out," which mixed Husker Du's buzzsaw attack with blues.

Lost Pilgrims, a San Francisco quartet that was misscheduled at the Bar & Grill that night, was also a slight surprise. Their funky punk-pop-folk was innocousat its worst and "Willy Wonka" and "Nothing the Weatherman Knows" were witty folk-punk, aka Violent Femmes.

Openers Birdman built their set with poppy hardcore (all featuring a solid rock base). All in all, a great show for those who bothered to show. No wonder Salt Lake has such a bad reputation for shows.

—Jeffy

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COMIC REVIEWS

Welp, it's a slow month for comics, so your humble reiewer is having to resort to "gulp!" super-hero material. Actually, the three comics reviewed in the following paragraphs are among the cream of the super-hero crop. If the majority of "spandex brigade" comics produced were this good, perhaps the genre would not have achieved the notion of juvenilia widely assumed...Just a suggestion.

DAREDEVIL: THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

Written by Frank Miller
Illustrated by John Romita Jr. and Al Williamson
Published by Marvel Comics

For those of us who remember the "good old days" of comic books, Marvel Comics' DAREDEVIL character had a strange allure, there was somthing about the notion of a blind super-hero sans super powers (who also crusaded for right in his alter-ego, lawyer Matt Murdock).

DAREDEVIL hit its prime in the early 80's when then-neophyte writer-artist Frank Miller reinvented the character. Miller returned to the title for greener pastures. Happily, though, Miller has seen fit to give Murdock a much-needed kick-in-the-ass with the recent DAREDEVIL: THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR limited series.

Like his BATMAN run (sub-titled "Year One"), Miller has decided to concentrate on the origin and roots of the character's development. In this case, that means returning to Murdock's "Hell's Kitchen" childhood. The reader sees the youthful Matt Murdock, very much a child of the streets: full of exuberance and mischief. Matt's single father, washed-up boxer Jack Murdock, sees the potential to be something he couldn't be himself, though, and with stern warning (and one frightening violent incident) tries to steer Matt toward a nobler destiny.

And Matt tries. Unfortunately, an act of self-sacrifice ends up costing the boy his eyesight. Ahhh...but the radioactive sludge also gives Murdock enhanced sensory powers, and the despair of lost visiion soon gives way to the joyous exploration of his new abilities...

There's a lot more to the story than this, and Miller has just rehashing familiar events, he revises and expands the details. For example, Murdock's mysterious mother is briefly witnessed, as is the posited beating incident by his father. All this gives a novel twist to the character which enlivens it. Further, Murdock's first encounter with his mentor, Stick, is finally detailed.

But it is the energy with which Miller imbues the story which makes it unique and enjoyable. The point of view switches from character-to-character (always objectively), allowing the reader to see the influences which shaped the future hero.

Happily, Miller also manages to capture emotion and characterization with equal aptitude. From the grim, no-nonsense Stick, to the supportive Jack Murdock, to the Slimy Fixer, each person becomes distinctive, a rare achievement for many comic writers.

However, equal due should be paid to artist John Romita Jr. and Al Williamson. Romita's pencils admirably capture the flavor of 60's New York, with grimy tenements and fins on auto fenders. He does a splendid job depicting the key players, too, though. The anguish in the face of Murdock after radioactive sludge spills on his face cries out from the page, evoking reader sympathy. Likewise, Williamson's sketchy inks supply depth and realism to the figures. Together, the two render the scenes dramatic and powerful.

Luckily, this impressive team has four more issues to weave their magic. Unfortunately, the regular DAREDEVIL title has long since run out of steam, but perhaps an enviable glance at DAREDEVIL: THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR will give that writer-artist team an idea of what could be done with the character, given some creativity. With all the furor over heros "dying" or being replaced at DC, it's a shame nobody's giving to a supposedly "washed-up" hero. ($2.95, color) Grade: A-

—Scott Vice



SPIDER-MAN 2099

Written by Peter David
Illustrated by Rick Leonardi and Al Williamson
Published by Marvel Comics

The flagship titles of the Marvel Comics empire have been the "mutant" books (the so-called "X" titles) and the SPIDER-MAN umbrella. Amusingly enough, however, the best SPIDER-MAN of the bunch is an entirely different character created for Marvel's misbegotten 2099 line, SPIDER-MAN 2099.

The title hero is one Migued O'Hara, a genetic scientist working for the malevolent Alchmax corporation. The setting in this case is the America of 2099, a cyber punk world in which multi-national corporations basically ran the show. Through an accident (intriguing how most heroes gain their powers through accidents, isn't it?), David winds up with the powers his 20th century counterpart supposedly possessed, including enhanced strength and the ability to cling to walls (plus some extras, including the ability to REALLY "shoot" webs and venomous fangs.) But O'Hara views his powers as a condition to be cured, rather than a blessing.

The tangled storyline so far finds O'Hara still working for Alchemax in order to have the resources necessary to cure himself and in order to fight the corporation from within. Unfortunately, O'Hara is under the thumb of slimy executive Tyler Stone, who manages to get kidnapped by the mysterious Thanatos. Thanatos and Spider-Man have a similar agenda it seems, in the destruction of Alchemax. But Thanatos has his own objectives, and O'Hara finds himself at odds with the enigmatic being...

Yes, all this sounds cheesy, and it is. Luckily, author Peter David manages to put a novel spin on the melodramatic events using a futuristic setting and some laudable characterization. It seems that David has realized that the key to writing good super-hero tales is to make the material original and fun.

Protagonist O'Hara is infinitely more likeable than modern-day SPIDERMAN Peter Parker. O'Hara has his faults, in that he is self-absorbed, but is learning to be a hero, while Parker's angst-ridden teenage antics (now grown up) lost their charm in the early 70's. Likewise, the supporting cast is memorable, from the despicable Stone (always looking after his own best interests, as when suggests that a lackey wash out the urn containing his son's ashes so it can be put to "good use") to SPIDERMAN's resourceful girlfriend, Dana. David's strength lies in making incredible situations believable by using humor and realistic reactions. When O'Hara is faced with Thanatos', O'Hara appararently god-like powers, he's incredulous. Rather than thinking of ways to defeat Thanatos, O'Hara would rather escape.

Sure, some of the situations are contrived and the dialogue expository, but David writes it all with good humor. rather than endlessly copying material from the "golden age" of super-heros, David recaptures the elements that made those fun, namely a sense of wonder, solid storytelling, and a good fight.

David is matched in storytelling ability by penciller Rick Leonardi, who draws quiet scenes and raging fisticuffs with equal skill. Leonardi's characters are distinctive, and their faces and body positioning tell a lot of the story (too bad many of the current crop of super-star artist don't possess Leonardi's anatomical knowledge). The panels are laid out in a creative fashion, making the pages flow, and hardware. If the setting for the book is to convincing, the reader is to believe in the viability of the surroundings, and Leonardi renders it credible. And, lest I forget, the ever-professional Al Williamson inks Leonardi's pencils with fine brushwork, filling in imposing blacks and making the figures concrete.

Yes, SPIDER-MAN 2099 is a super-hero. But if you want to turn off your brain and just have fun reading a comic book that evokes that same feeling super-heroes used to create, this is one book worth reading. ($1.25, color) Grade:B

—Scott Vice

Post cript: I got a little long-winded this time, but I shouldn't neglect to mention PIRATE CORP$!: The Blunder Years, two issues reprinting and expanding the hard-to-find first four issues of Evan Dorkin's labor-of-love. Yes, Evan's rather down on the material, but we all know he's a weenie. This space-operal ska-fest/hockey extravaganza should be on every discriminating reader's list. Hunt down the issues and take heart...A one-shot featuring everybody's favorite space psycho, VROOM SOCKO, is on the way, as is a new issue of PC$! (under the new title: PIRATE CORP$! STORIES: HECTIC PLANET). Make sure your retailer orders it.

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MEDIA MAN

BAMI POWI BOOMI KABLOOEY!

(Theme music for this article is a disco mix from *The Deer Hunter* and *Bambi.* Picture Jack Nicolson conducting the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.)

Among the great American institutions, like the World Series, obnoxious used car ads on TV, deficit spending, and littering, none is greater than the deer hunt.

No, make that The Deer Hunt. No, it's: THE DEER HUNT. (Sound effects: celestial chorus, apocalyptic thunder, that kind of Cecil B. DeMille pomposity.) We're talking sacred stuff here sports fans, even more sanctimonious than National Defense, Economic Development, the Osmonds, or Gorbachev's skid mark.

People who say crude things about TDH (Bambi-Lovers) are put into jars filled with formaldehyde and displayed in high school biology classes.

In fact, TDH is so sacred, no writer in his, her or its right mind would attempt to abuse the subject in a newspaper. Which gives this writer a lot of latitude.

But the pen is mightier than the 30.06, easier to mount in the rear window of a pickup truck and less likely to go off accidentally when you're climbing over a fence. So...

Carpe diem, ya'll:

Advice On TDH From Some Smart-Aleck Wimp Reporter Who Doesn't Know a Buck Knife from A John Doe:

- Remember the first law of nature: if it has more legs than you, or if it talks funny, kill it.

- Be sure to wear hunter orange. If you encounter a hunter wearing a jumpsuit of hunter orange and carrying a rifle, go hunt somewhere else. Quickly.

- If you encounter a four-legged creature in the wilderness with the "COW" written on its side, be assured it is in fact a deer trying to fool you. Shoot it. Aim for the center of the "O".

- Have you ever considered offering the deer a bribe to surrender? I'd be happy to pass it along for you. Trust me.

- Few hunters are aware that napalm is an effective tool in TDH. It saves a lot of skinning, gutting and other such nonsense in preparing the animal for a tasty meal. Besides, there are no messy bowls to clean.

- If you want to wear lipstick and rouge and your wife's net stockings while in thee wilderness, go right ahead. You have a right to behave in any ridiculous manner you choose during TDH. It's the American Way.

- Don't feel like you have to rationalize spending $5,268.91 on ammo and beer for TDH by saying your family needs the meat. I understand.

- On buck-only hunts, all you'll find is doe. On antlerless hunts, all you'll find is buck. It's a law.

- There's a deer season, elk season and other hunts for desirable critters. Why don't we have genocidal hunting seasons for things that really ought to be exterminated like zucchini, TV evangelists and tax assessors.

- Remember: everything with horns isn't a deer. Take for example the '69 Buick. Of course, deer don't have horns, they have antlers, but what do they know? It's nature's way of helping you distinguish them from cows.

- Ignore the "No Trespassing" signs on private gates. The signs are actually a farmers' code inviting you to hunt on their property. Please be courteous to the next hunter and leave the gates open for them.

These are just a few little-known factoids about TDH you won't hear from the State Division of Wildlife Depletion. I hope you find them useful, educational, entertaining or at least nutritious. Eating this article will provide as much fiber as a pound of venison jerky and you don't have to kill anything to do it.

Happy Hunting.

—Media Man

MISCELLANEOUS

THOU SHALT NOT KILL

*(*A Note From God)*

Of course, I meant that in a kind of general way. Now, when a spider jumps out and scares you, I realize that it's necessary and normal to smash it. I don't expect you to recognize your thinking to the extent where you actually come to consider spiders as being entitled to life and breath. No, no. Go ahead and smash 'em because you are MAN and more important than spiders.

And, naturally, when I said, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," I wasn't referring to meat-eating. In no way did I mean to imply that you shouldn't raise cattle to have their brains bashed in or that you should refrain from injecting poultry with methedrine or feel sorry that you keep them their entire short lives in lightless, airless cubicles. Well, 'ya gotta eat and it would be really boring to stick to fruits and nuts and vegetable and grains-things like that. And, you are MAN and more important than food animals.

Oh, and in the same vain, I realize that hunting for sport is OK. It really gives a thrill to bring down a pheasant in flight, shining, golden, free and alive and see it then laying in the dust, lifeless, knowing you caused that! Yeah! What a feeling of power!

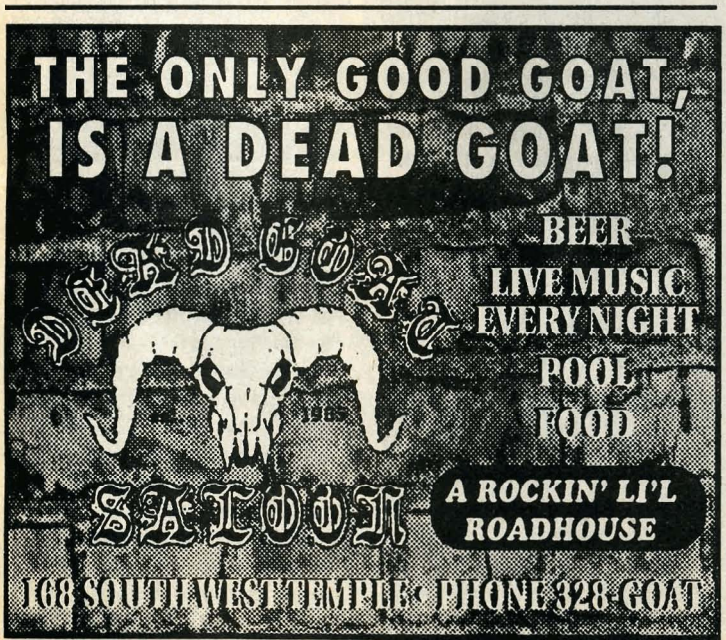
In fact, isn't it almost orgasmic when you're out in the wild on a mountaintop breathing in the crisp, autumn air and you see a beautiful doe and know that in the next moment you'll kill her and prove you're a MAN? She turns her enormous brown eyes to you and realizes too late that you have come to steal her forever. And, in that last instant, before your rifle shots fouls the stillness, she will surely recognize you for what you are. But don't let it bother you. You are MAN and the pleasure you get from killing is more important.

What I really meant to say was, "Thou Shalt Not Kill Other People." I should have stated that correctly for Moses, I suppose. Oh, unless, of course, your country is at war and then it's OK. And, since you're going to do it anyway, you may as well be inventive and use the glorious creativity with which I've endowed you and use poisonous chemicals, napalm, etc. and do kill men, women, and children indiscriminately because WAR IS HELL (just wait and see!). Oh, yes, and if you would do all of this in my name I would be especially proud.

I hope this little note has cleared up any misunderstandings you may have had about one of my most important commandments.

See 'ya soon.
With love,
Your Father in Heaven

—Debra Buckingham





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STIMBOY SAYS

NAME DROPPING WITH STIMBOY OR, WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER VACATION



Allow me to apologize for my unexpected absence in the last issue of SLUG. I was on a mission, a quest which took me to the deserts of the great Southwest and the Sunny beaches of California. My adventure began when I received an anonymous tip by carrier pigeon that surviving members of the HAIRDOGS had reformed and were sighted backing David Koresh only weeks before the Waco conflagration. I knew I had to act quickly and follow up on what might be the scoop of the century. So, I immediately booked a flight to Texas and rented a suave black Toyota Corolla. Sadly, there was no evidence to support these "sightings," in fact, not one of the Texans I questioned even admitted knowledge of a band known as the "Hairdogs." All I can say is, I smell a cover up in the works and conspiracy theorists will be scrambling for years to reveal what part the Hairdogs played in the Waco massacre.

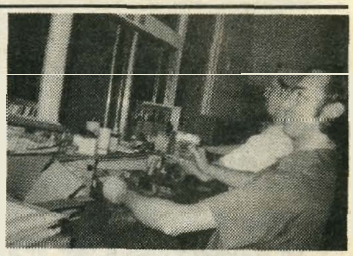
All was not lost, however. Fortunately, the DIDGITS and THE MUFFS happened to be touring Texas the very same week I was there. Thanking my lucky stars for this happy coincidence, I motored towards that grim little area of Dallas known as Deep Ellum, pausing to take a few photos of Dealey Plaza from the triple overpass.

Highlights of my Texas tour included seeing the Muffs & Didgits three nights in a row, enjoying many Stiner Bock beers and meeting Houston legend Kathy Kowgirl, who's house should be placed on the list of National Historic sites. It is a veritable museum of Kitch, chock full of voodoo dolls, Catholic iconography, Simpsons memorabilia and taxidermy including a two headed calf! Austin was everything it was cracked up to be: One street, 100 bars, 1,200 Stevie Ray Vaughnabees. Fortunately, Austin, like Houston, has a club called EMO's which means, no cover, Kozic posters, good bands and plenty of Cows & El Vez in the Juke box. Generally, Texans are friendly and polite and its hard not to have a good time in the Lone Star State. Stimboy says: Texas is Go!

After a brief stop in Salt Lake City to see THE BACK ALLEY GATORS at Spanky's and feed my roommates dog a thermite smoothie, it's off to Los Angeles, land of celebrity encounter. This time I've got a cop-magnet red Pontiac Sunbird. I'm in Los Angeles and I'm ready to schmooze. This is where the name dropping gets fast and furious. Weds the 22nd I have lunch with John Crawford, the creator of Baboon Dooley comics then I'm off to Kelbo"s for Karaoke and tropical cocktails with the Muffs who leave for Europe the next day. Thursday I go to ultra-hip Boardners with Johnny Blaze of WYKKYD LYZZRD. Friday, I run into Jon Wahl at Epitaph H.Q. who tells me his wife's band, THE RED AUNTS, are playing that night. First, I stop at SST and discuss Time/Warner's for life-style control through interactive television with Chuck Dukowski. That night it's THE HUMPERS, RED AUNTS and SATAN'S CHEERLEADERS at the White Horse Inn. A great little punk rock show, there's even a fight when someone steals Debbi Dip's red-white & blue motorcycle helmet. But the big news is I meet my idol, Long Gone John of Sympathy and Sonic Boom of Spectrum & Spacemen 3 who is such a nice guy, I instantly forgive him for being English.

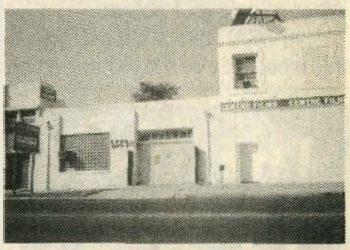
Saturday afternoon I make the customary pilgrimage to Amok





Books (more on them next issue) and take a leisurely drive through Eagle Rock and Glendale, stomping grounds of Richard Ramirez and the Hillside Stranglers. Saturday night it's Thelonius Monster at Jack's Sugar Shack. The only problem is it's sold out. This is merely a minor inconvenience for the resourceful Stimmy for as luck would have it, my good friend and former bandmate, Dallas Don Burnette is now playing bass for Thelonius. He convinces the door man I am his guitar tech (?!) and the evening proceeds without a hitch. Once inside, I think I see Suzy Gardner of L7. I'm not quite sure though, so I turn the other way only to discover that the guy next to me at the bar is none other than Tommy Stinson. After the Thelonius set lurches to a close, we chat:

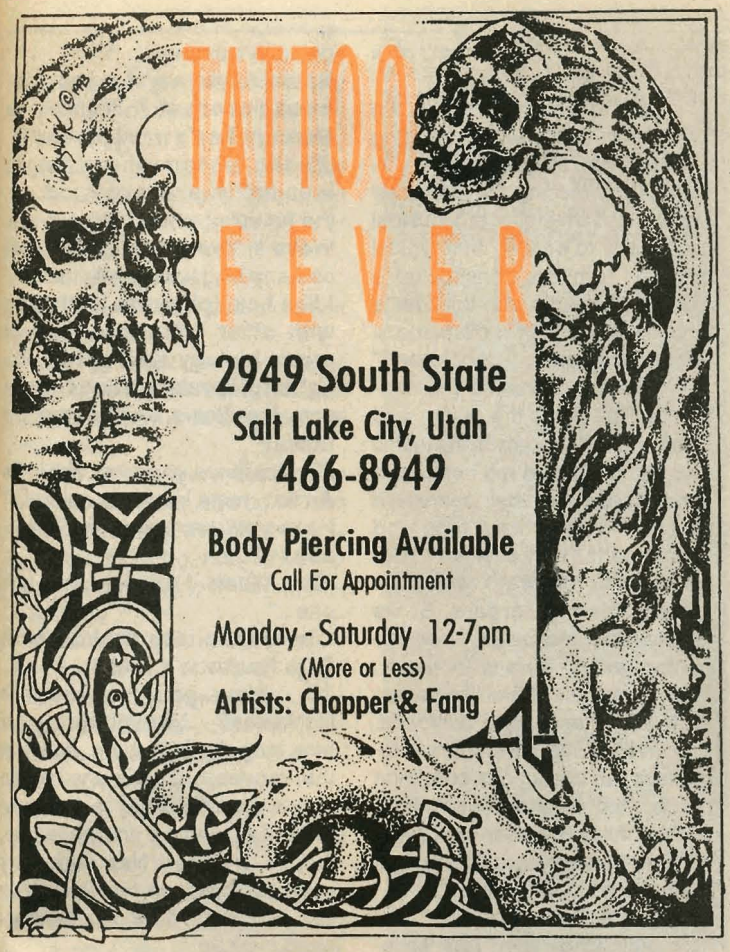
Stimboy: I saw you at Lollapalooza
Tommy: You mean Lollapaloser?
Stimboy: Yeah, in Utah it totally sucked!
Tommy: In Utah? That was terrible
Stimboy: I made a point to watch Bash & Pop and you had a tantrum and quit in the middle of the set
Tommy: Well, wouldn't you?
Stimmy: Yeah, I guess I would...



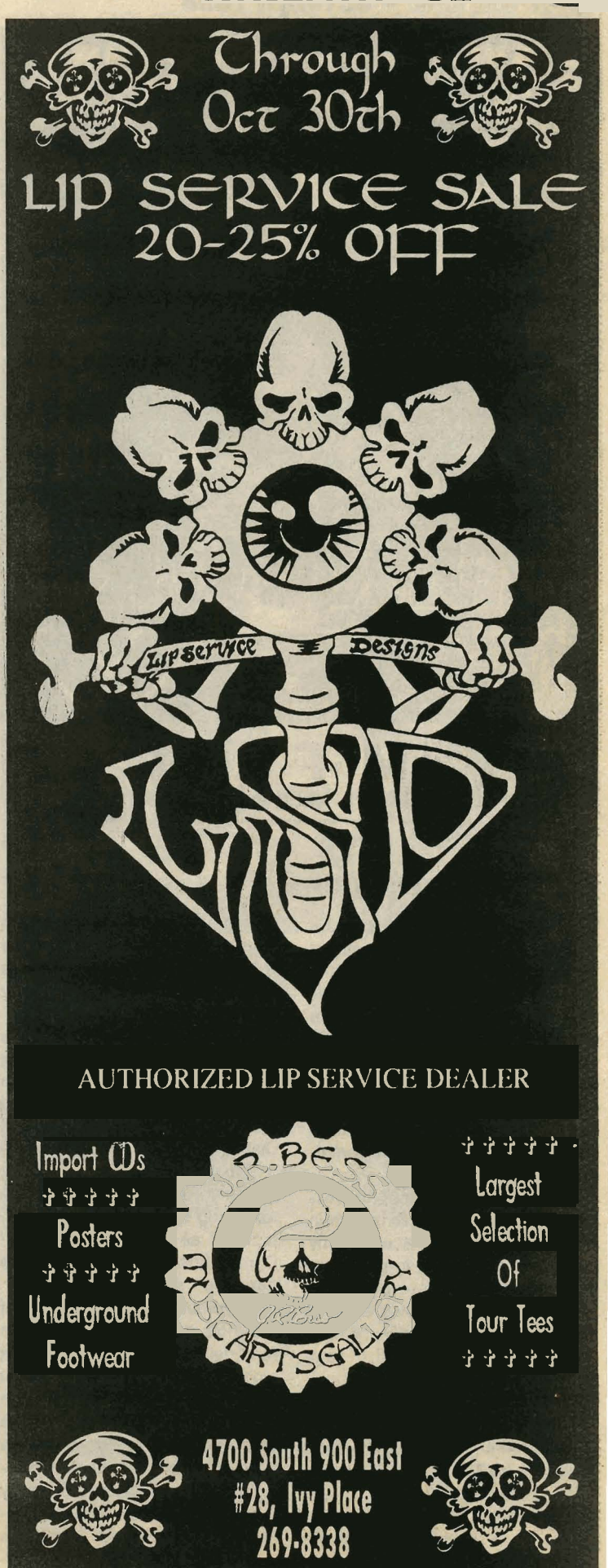
We finished our cocktails and exchanged pleasantries for a few more minutes. Tommy complemented me on my Evil Puppethead hat and left with his stylin' girlfriend. I wished him good luck and headed back to Glendale. I can't say that the Bash & Pop CD spends much time on my stereo, but Tommy is definitely a stand up guy so I'll give him the benefit of the doubt. Such is life in Hollywood, Glamour City.

Next Month: quality reading and the cult of Nardwuar

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INTERVIEW



MERCURY REV

G²+F⁴+M -F & BT = MR

girls + food + mothers fighting & breaking things

SS

Sesame Street

When I first started the segue from radio to working in the record industry, I never thought I would miss interviewing bands. I still meet them, hang with them, even deluge them with catatonic inquiries. But it does not seem appropriate to field them all the probing questions, especially to browbeat all my favorite artists by mentioning things even they have forgotten.

This is the position I find myself in, with my digestive organs in multiple incorrect places of my anatomy, attempting to get every advantage possible to bring you an interview as informed and yet objective (hah) as a really powerful music magazine could; say, Melody Maker? Okay, forget objectivity on their part, and you have the equivalent interview that took place on relatively the same spot and day in Salt Lake City backstage at the big "L."

First of all, dismiss the notion that Lolla is not corporation at its finest. But leave open the possibility that, no matter how soured the mere mention of this concert leaves you, there are all kinds of moments that make up for any unpleasantries. Like being deafened by the melodic roaring chaos of an underdog band from New York, whose vocalist conjures up images of Dr. Weirdly on acid; and whose music sounds like an old Disney score fed through a juice-o-matic; the resulting beverage: Mercury Rev. Something as intoxicating refreshing, and as addicting, as "sex on a beach." Coming soon to a bar or a toy store near you.

Mercury Rev, the last woe of the now-defunct Rough Trade records, had released their first album "Yerself Is Steam" about 'one week before they (Rough Trade) shut down." And only in the UK. Fortunately for everyone "Yerself," along with their recording contract, was picked up by Columbia Records with distribution on Sony Worldwide. And those who assured that their latest album, "BOCES" (boh-sees), is a bigger thrill than the last.

Back at the dust bowl known as the "second stage," I'm hanging out with Tom, the Mercury Rev T-shirt Guy, watching the chainsaw juggler, and writing for the musical cacophony to ensue. In a typical gesture, Tom has constructed a sign for all people who think he is actually the official Lollapalooza Information Booth: "I don't know?"

Jonathan Donahue (no relation to Phil) plays the guitar, and sings and writes some of the music - he has cautioned me before the performance that their songs will not sound like their recorded counterparts. Why ever not? "Because we don't always remember all the words or guitar parts. So we just mumble and fake it." I worry - momentarily - and needlessly. Their songs still sound like songs. Just louder and more confused. The overall live performance increases the impact of a collection of songs that create an atmosphere so thick that if you close your eyes, it's easy to feel you could float into them like a cloud. "Bronx Cheer," "Meth Of A Rockette's Kick," and 'Something For Joey" are especially catchy, and my very favorite song "Boys Peel Out" was as quirky as ever. ("It's my favorite song too," Jonathan had previously confessed to me, "I wrote it. It's about my grandma.")

Searching out the meaningful influences of Mercury Rev's music, I had deeply probed Jonathan prior to the show to bring to light the assumed intricacies of their songs...

What was the inspiration for the song "Coney Island Cyclone" off your first

Jonathan Donahue: "Girls."

Is there a ride on Coney Island called the "Cyclone?"

JD: "Yes, but... it's probably just a word, you know... sometimes we just use another word instead of a girl's name... it prevents us from getting a lot of law suits!"

Who are these Pirelli girls you are always thanking on your album sleeves?

JD: "Pirelli girls are Italian models for Pirelli tires, you know... they're very beautiful, and something, you know, I look forward to when we go to Italy... I've met a few, and I really like them a lot. They're not really impressed by music so much, but they seem to dig the attention we give them anyway."

So would you say that one of the most important influences on Mercury Rev's music is sex?

JD: "No, not so much sex, just girls in particular. It's not cock rock or... the actual physical business of it. We're in love with women, I don't see anything wrong with that."

I like how (girls) are intermixed with other influences on your press biology with things like fighting, breaking things, mothers, ice flows... what are ice flows?

JD: "Ice flows, you know, like in the Arctic... huge immobile objects..."

Have you ever seen one in person?

JD: "Yeah, I used to live with one..."

What is the idea behind "Meth Of A Rockette's Kick?

JD: "Have you ever seen the Rockettes? ...So you remember how long the legs were, how fast the moves... That's the young man's dream... They're the most beautiful women in the world, they're on stage in New York every year at Christmas time with their red sequins... it all fits together hand in glove."

One could begin to assume that all Mercury Rev thinks about is girls. Not so! Although girls do occupy a large proportion of their collective consciousness, Jonathan Donahue and lead vocalist Dave Barker (who spent some time with me at the Hospitality tent) assured me that food is actually their first ambition. "We put less energy into our set than we do fighting over potatoes with Arrested Development," says Jonathan. Which says a lot, considering how powerful their performance is. Also, there's the song on BOCES called "Snorry Mouth." What exactly is a "Snorry Mouth?" "You know, a snorry mouth... someone who snores." Oh. I guess that could also be about girls, but I'd be willing to bet that song applies to a band member.

The Album title, "BOCES", is the acronym for "Board Of Cooperative Educational Services", a vocational school in New York. Rumor has it that one or more members of Mercury Rev might have attended courses there in programs such as cosmetology... in fact, Grasshopper, guitarist and biographer for Mercury Rev also worked in special education at the

school as an assistant to teacher Ron Jeremy (who is now a famous porn star and connection to many of the actresses in the Mercury Rev videos).

Further scrutiny of Mercury Rev's album inserts provide insight to the growing comprehension of this strange bunch.

Free to by you and me?

JD: "You're the first person to ask me about that!"

It was my favorite record as a child. My mother "lost" it eventually because she was sick of hearing it.

JD: "My cousin was in the picture on the back cover. The writer and producer, Marlo Thomas (ironically the wife of Phil Donahue) knew my aunt who worked with her at Ms. magazine."

How about Richard Scarry?

JD: "You know (of) Richard Scarry? 'Where the Wild Things Are'..."

It's a childhood classic, like Schoolhouse Rock.

JD: "Vegetable Soup!"

What are some of your other influences. Like, music? What do you listen to?

JD: "I don't know about the rest of the band... I like children's stories on records, like sleeping beauty, Pinocchio... I like the Disney songs the most."

We can't seem to get away from childhood. Someone once told me that Dr. Suess is another underlying influences in all your songs?

JD: "Of course. He's great. Yeah, everything we do... is like Sesame Street, 'cause that's what we all universally relate to."

My wild adventure came to an end as the sun set over the amassed dusty hoards, and all I had to look forward to was fighting my way out of the acres of parked cars and back to the real world where toilets have sinks and drinks aren't triple their normal prick. Back to my flat to listen to BOCES and admire my new t-shirt. Yes, Mercury Rev might have been voted "the ugliest band" on this year's Lollapalooza tour, but they stole the show. In fact, talking to the band proved an important theory of mine: Mercury Rev is like that story problem in math class that takes forever to understand; but looking back, you realize it was so simple the answer was right under your nose the whole time.

—Lara H

Gone lost
along constant
melanic road
blurred with oil and
rain
tripping at my
shoelaces
stumbling me down
airport lounges and
rest stop toilets
bring little comfort
but graffiti apostles
and multi-shaded bar
room
disciples
slide me hope
along polished
mahogany
and dim alley way
still
all of what I think about
pertains to your naked
chest
your young flesh
and your calm
indifference.

—Rick Westover

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INTERVIEW

BAD RELIGION



Intelligent, uncompromising, perpetually challenging the status quo. All of the above help to describe BAD RELIGION, the thinking-man's hardcore act. Formed in 1980 by highschool classmates Greg Graffin and Jay Bentley, BAD RELIGION finally hit the major leagues this year, culminating in a five-album deal with Atlantic Records. But, before anyone cries "sell-out", a 20-minute telephone interview with Graffin was more than enough to convince me that the band who wrote "Man With A Mission" is the self-same authors of "Quality Or Quantim." Their headlining set October 13 with Greenday, Seaweed and Rancid is one of the year's most eagerly awaited shows, and anyone who misses it on the grounds of "sell-out is making a big mistake. Following are excerpts from the candid conversation with Graffin.

Bad Religion Is: Greg Graffin-Vocals; Mr. Brett-Guitars & Backing Vocals; Greg Hetson-Guitars; Jay Bentley-Bass Guitar & Backing Vocals; Bobby Schayer-Drums.

SLUG: I guess what everyone wants to know is, why after 13 years, did you go to the majors?

GREG: Well, actually, it was more like the president of Atlantic came to us, not vice-versa. Actually, year after year, we had a harder time balancing BAD RELIGION and our other careers. With this deal we'll be able to concentrate part of our time on BAD RELIGION knowing that it's going to be the most important thing we work on. And also, we'll now get distribution on our records everywhere.

SLUG: Yeah, maybe if you get a larger audience you can get people into other Epitaph bands.

GREG: That's Mr. Brett's thing ("Mr. Brett" Gurewitz operates and owns Epitaph Records), but we've always felt that punk never reached its full potential. I've always felt that punk could bridge out to a bigger audience, and that our style of punk could have that rare opportunity.

SLUG: I understand you guys always feel like you have to top each album. Does the new record (*Recipe For Hate*") reflects that, and how do the new collaborations fit it (Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder, Concrete Blonde's Johnette Napolitano and members of Clawhammer all put in guest performances on the new record)?

GREG: Actually, we've always wanted to do collaborations, but we've never had the time. Most of our records have taken about a week, but this time it almost took us a month that's a long time for us, and we're really pleased by this one.

SLUG: Unlike other BAD RELIGION records, "Recipe For Hate" has slower tempos and more intricate music. Why the Change?

GREG: Well, as we get older, we're slowing down (laughs). No, really, we've made more than 100 songs now and not every one can be out and out raging. We have to have some slow ones. But, "lookin' in" is as fast as anything we've ever done.

SLUG: You certainly don't sound like you're getting any less angry about what you see going on in this country.

GREG: No, and I hope if we ever get satisfied with everything that happens, someone will shoot us and put us out of our misery. I think our fans feel that way, too. I've always felt that punks, to a large extent, are more intelligent than most music fans. I just hope they're not going to disappoint me. They're the future.

SLUG: Well, I know a lot of these fans have been waiting a long time to see you live again. What can you do to re-assure them?

GREG: They're not going to be disappointed in us, I promise. And, we're not going to turn our backs on these fans. We wouldn't be here if not for them.

SLUG: Anyway, Greg, thanks for the time, and if you ever need a full-time P.R. guy, let me know.

Greg: I'll Keep that in mind.

—Jeffry Reptile

DISCOGRAPHY

Now Could Hell Be Any Worse (Epitaph) 1982
Into The Unknown (Epitaph) 1983
Back To The Known (Epitaph) 1984
Suffer (Epitaph) 1988
1980 to 1985 (Epitaph) 1989
No Control (Epitaph) 1989
Against The Grain (Epitaph) 1990
Generator (Epitaph) 1992
Recipe For Hate (Epitaph/Atlantic) 1993

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SPORTS?

They must to be the most annoying fans in all of the spectator sports. One group in levi dockers with great haircuts, and the other in tight tee-shirts showing their losing battle of the bulge.

Honestly I can't quite decide which irritates me the most. The air of superiority (three years ago it was not to be found in many places) or the blatant vulgarity of their very existence. Dallas fans vs. Bronco fans.

I must vent as I watch what should have been excellent bets dissipate into nothingness and that peculiar feel of a full wallet once again evades my existence.

So I am stuck listening to the whelping of the Bronco fans as Elway pulls another miracle out of his ass and displays it for the disbelieving world to ponder, save the ever loyal bronco fans blind to all laws of probability. Those laws stating that even if Denver reaches the big show they will lose. Again. Why bother.

If you want to pull for a loser pick a team that proves time and time again that they are awful and yet if they had better coaching or perhaps a better front line or whatever it is that would take your team to the big one.

Hooray for the pack they are back they look good they hit hard and damn do they ever deserve it. Like em? I love em. I can't get enough.

But sacred ground for the true bridesmaids must go to my Saints. Wow, oh wow do I ever get off on these brethern from the deep south. I have been to the Superdome and witnessed first hand the truly pathetic existence of what a celler dweller represents, paper bags and all.

Why cheer at all some naysayers will say, and to them I offer this simple gesture, go sit on your head. I like football it entertains me, and while it may not be the heighth of intellectual prowess it does however provide a rush.

There is nothing like laying down seven hundred bucks on a three point parlay and landing it. The anticipation of waiting for your game to start and knowing there is no turning back. Period.

So back to the topic at hand. I no longer feel the urge to justify myself.

Fans adore their teams as well they should. But yet why am I so annoyed by these two particular camps of fans? Is it because their team is better than mine? No, I root for the underdog.

Does that puppy dog type of affection displayed by those Denver fans cause me to question my own faith in my teams? Why am I not as openly trusting of my Saints as are the followers of Denver? Because they suck that's why and I freely admit it. But they are getting better. I promise. Just wait till next year.

Why aren't my clothes as nice as the fans of the Cowboys. Why aren't the Packers "America's Team?" They've been around a hell of a lot longer than those egomaniacal Texan upstarts. Where the heck were they during the times of Vince Lombardi who' "made football everything it is today and his legacy should be recognized."

Nope, no reason for questioning myself the answer is as plain as (well no use for overused cliche's here). You ARE annoying.

I don't want to hear one more Dallas fan tell me they are a loyal fan and have been for years. STOP IT! YOUR LYING THROUGH YOUR TEETH! And everybody knows it. So shut up and enjoy your team. Quit trying to justify your fair-weather fandom to me. I don't care. Live with it or better yet forget about it and enjoy the damn game. Have a beer, wipe that smug expression off your face and hope they sign Emmit soon.

And to you dear sweet Bronco fans; buy some decent clothes, forget about Reeves he's gone and won't be coming back any time soon, and for god's sake stop analyzing the game for me. I have eyes I can see, I have ears I can hear. I don't need to hear your petty excuses when Elway has a bad day and I sure as hell don't need to hear about how great Elway is when he's in the groove. Elway is a great quarterback one of the finest hell; if it was up to me I'd put his face on Rushmore right next to Michael Jordan's when that day comes.

Okay I'm tired now, but feeling better. This outburst was needed and I thank you annoying people for providing this particular avenue of relief. Signing off untill next month,

—Wallace

OCTOBER

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
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13 SACRED RAGE $ RUSTED SOLE	14 SKABS ON STRIKE	15 TOMMY KNOKKER & POSITIVE MAYHEM	16 ANGER OVERLOAD & PLUG TRAILOR PARK RED #5
20 WENZDAZE CHILD & RAGWEED	21 FU with THE BOOK	22 ONE-MAN-HOEDOWN-SHOWDOWN COUNTRY DANCE BAND MAX-SAY-SHUN	23
27 PENTACLE THE BOOK	28 GET OFF	29 RIVERBED JED with SO WHAT	30 HALLOWEEN GALA DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE
3 METAL TBA	4	5 INDIVISION SHADOWPLAY	6 Just $2 VOODOO SWING

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